

to ride, but disdains the effeminate etiquette of being *helped* into a carriage. Your speaker was perfunctory to welcome her to the parsonage, at a donation visit, one year ago last January. It will not be a breach of propriety here, to say that he received from her a beautiful pair of stockings, made from the fleece with her own hands. The yarn, though fine, is composed of three threads. He has never seen the occasion which could justify him in treading upon the memento of such an *aged* friend, without committing a sacrilegious act. At this visit, two other aged females were present: one seventy-three, and the other sixty-nine. All seemed to enjoy the interview. But the oldest seemed to be the youngest, and the youngest the oldest.

Ten days from that visit the youngest died. At the close of this interview, being about to have a season of worship, our aged friend, then one hundred and eight years old, sang, with a clear, distinct voice, the following verse:

"The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear—  
Oh, may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near."

And then knelt with us during prayer.

But, most of all, am I happy to say here, she appears to have the consolations and hopes of the Saviour's love. She has often said: "This is all my comfort." She is ready and waiting to depart. The infirmities of age seem to be growing upon her. May the kind

and gracious Saviour bear her aged form gently downwards to the tomb, and gather her redeemed spirit into the bosom of his love.

I have now finished my plan for writing the history of this township. I have carried you through the lights and shades of life as here developed. This may be very imperfectly done. But I am reminded that there is another history, written by an *unerring hand*. It is a history of thought, of conduct, and of character. The leaves of that history are on high. Our fathers have many of them gone to meet it. A few of them yet stand waiting at the river of death.

Soon, fellow-citizens, shall we *all* appear where a different history of life will be read from that which I have written. *There*, mere earthly names and distinctions are nothing. Character and the awards of that life are tried by a different standard from that found in human records. When we meet in *that* world, and *those* books shall be opened, may we all find our names written in the Lamb's book of life.